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All goods bought with care and for cash only. An immense line of Bargains just received. Country Produce of all kinds Marketed in Philadelphia and New York. "Welcome" to both old and new customers.

GEO. L. LENHEIM. (In His New Store.)

Great Bend, May 10th. 1876.

1876.

Facts Better Than Fiction!

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GUTTENBURG, ROSENBAUM & CO.,

is still in Montrose, being established nearly a quarter of a century, and intend to be another. Are carrying the largest and most complete assortment of Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c. of any other firm in the country. Our facilities for buying in large quantities of first hands by the original packages, and having a resident buyer constantly in the market, is such that it makes it almost an impossibility for any new or old dealer to compete with us in prices.

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Montrose, April 12, 1876.

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EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN TIN AND JAPANED WARE. Prices Guaranteed as Low as any House in Southern New York.

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NEW STOCK OF CROCKERY, SUPERFINE FLOUR. For sale by H. J. WEBB. ALSO, ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES. At the store of H. J. WEBB. Fresh Oranges. For sale by H. J. WEBB. Montrose, April 21, 1876.

[Continued from First Page.] all three came forward, and Mazie's friend, a lively, good tempered dame, who was very proud of ranking "that charming Miss Jerningham" among her acquaintances, saw and saluted her with great empressement. Mazie's lips moved but no sound came. Her eyes had never left Will's face. They rested there still with a sort of mute, eager appeal, strangely pitiful in its forgetfulness of all else; and before that look Captain Travers' face flushed with a sudden recognition; flushed too with the recollection of the last time he had seen that face, for there was a natural embarrassment in his manner as he said: "It is so long since we have met, Miss Jerningham, that I suppose I can hardly expect you to remember."

The commonplace civil speech startled Mazie back to her senses. She turned as white as snow, and gave a sort of gasp for breath, when her friend most opportunely struck in: "Did Captain Travers know Miss Jerningham; then? How nice! Old friends, she supposed, since he had only just arrived in England; and what a pleasant coincidence to meet, wasn't it?" "Yes! very old friends," Captain Travers answered, his eyes still on the white wistfulness of Mazie's face; and then, with a sudden friendly cordiality the old manner she knew so well, he took her hand, and added, "It is indeed pleasant to meet you again. Have you been well since I saw you last? And how is Mrs. Jerningham? But first let me introduce my wife to you. She will be glad to make your acquaintance. Bertha, Miss Jerningham. His wife!... Did he mean that? The blonde uninteresting looking girl standing by in pretty, inane apathy. Will's wife!... Poor Mazie! a great shudder ran through her slight, shrinking frame; and then that wonderful power of self-command, that art of making believe which is so great in some women, came to her aid; and she shook hands with Captain Travers, and bowed gracefully to his wife, and showed her pretty pearly teeth in a gentle little smile as she made some cordial, commonplace speech about being "so glad—such an unexpected pleasure. Did the command the frigate that came in last night? And where was Mrs. Travers staying? Mamma would certainly call if she was able. No time to stay and talk now," and so good bye and away—a way from husband and wife and crowded pier; and on to the cool, breezy common—not alone though. The friend, with that unwelcome friendliness people sometimes show when least wanted, must needs leave "her dear Mrs. Travers" to see "her dear Mrs. Jerningham" home. Surely she was not well, she looked so pale! And so she knew Captain Travers! Was he not handsome? and so popular, too; such a fine, manly fellow. Did Miss Jerningham think his wife pretty? Not much in her! Those big blonde women seldom had. Oh, yes, nice hair, and fine blue eyes; but no style, and very likely to grow coarse and unwieldy. German-looking. Of course she was. A Dutch girl born and brought up in the Cape. No, not very well matched; but sailors were always so foolish. Will had fallen in love and married her nearly a year ago. He always was a pet with women, you know; but it was a foolish thing to do. They were terribly poor. Indeed he never had any money, as Miss Jerningham might remember.

Yes, Miss Jerningham did remember: and how much more! Oh, my God, how much more! She hardly had sense enough to be glad when her friend was gone at last, and she was safe in her own room; for everything seemed whirling around her. Will married!—married a year ago; and all her love, her passionate devotion, her fervent prayer, her whole heart's longing, had been so much incense wasted, so much patient, faithful worship lavished on another woman's husband! The duty, service of two long years had become a sin and a shame in one moment, and poor Mazie sank under the blow. So much good had "living it down" done for her! One more scene, and I have done. A very short scene this; and laid, not in gay, glittering Southsea, by green uplands and sparkling waves, but back in busy, populous London, where we first met Mazie Jerningham. The season was just beginning, the Academy open, the Park crowded, Kensington Gardens and the Botanical perfuming with shining white chestnut blossoms and "gardens of scented May" lilacs and laburnums blooming in the squares, German bands playing on the terraces, boats on the Serpentine, parties to Richmond, life and gaiety almost everywhere—almost, not quite. Just at the corner of Park lane there is a quantity of straw thrown down in front of a house where the blinds are drawn, the knocker muffled; where friends drive up in their gay carriages to make whispered inquiries of the solemn looking footman at the door, and go away with faces the gravity on which lasts nearly three minutes after they are whirling along the Row; where the flowers in the balcony, once so carefully tended, are dry and dead now, and where a well-known physician is just emerging from the hall, saying, as he does so: "Ah, odd fancy perhaps; but still humor it, Mrs. Jerningham. It can't do any harm now, you know, and it may cheer her at the end."

the veil of soft, dark, wavy hair hid the sharpened outlines of her pure, pale face, and made her look more like her old childish self than the Mazie of later days. Her eyes, too, though sunken and shaded by dark hollows, looked larger and brighter than they had ever done, and the warm red shawl round her shoulders cast a sort of reflected glow on the small face, as she lay with clasped hands, resting (as she had begged) all alone. A little while, perhaps three quarters of an hour, and there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, a murmur of hushed voices in the passage; and Mazie started and raised her head. Then the door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham said gently: "Captain Travers is here, Mazie. Shall he come in?" She nodded her head, for her lips were very dry; but Mrs. Jerningham understood, and the next moment Will was standing by the bed. She was not pale now. A bright red had risen in either cheek, making her look girlishly lovely, while he, on the contrary, though handsome and stalwart as ever, looked worn and haggard; a little nervous and embarrassed, too, as men who face death fearlessly on sea and shore will when they come face to face with it in the quiet of a helpless woman's chamber. Mazie's quick eye saw the wan looks, perhaps the nervousness as well; for there was something wonderfully calming and gentle in her tone as she put her wasted little hand into his brown one, and said simply, "How good it is of you to come to see me so quickly. I did so want to bid you good bye when I heard you were in town; but I hardly thought you would come so soon."

Will's face had flushed deeply, and his lips were like a vise. "You loved me," he said, hoarsely, "and I might have won you, if I had only waited and been true! Oh! my God, how I am punished!" and then his bowed head went down on the bed-clothes, and the very floor shook with the strong man's passionate sobbing. Poor Mazie! she was sinking fast, and her strength was nearly gone; but she managed to put her weak arms around him, and to stroke the bright chestnut head, as she murmured words of soothing and consolation—"It was all for the best, and they had so little time now."